

THE
Great Bastard,
K²
P R O T E C T O R
OF THE *£ 1977*
Little One.

Done out of French.

And for which a *Proclamation*,
with a Reward of 5000
Lewedores, to discover the
Author, was Published.



Printed in the Year, 1701.

The Great Bastard Protector of the Little One, &c.

WE find in *Holy Writ*, that, in the *Jewish Law*, it was expressly provided by the supreme Legislator, *That a Bastard should not enter into the Congregation of the Lord, even to the tenth Generation*: But it seems the unhappy Kingdom of *France* allows the Bastard himself; not only to enter into the Congregation, but to settle himself upon the Throne, and to bear higher than all the preceeding Kings before him, which had a better Right to do it, as being the Off-spring of Kings, and not the *Sons of the People*, the proper Term the *Roman Law* gives to Bastards. We have heard of the *Salick Law*, in force in that Kingdom, for a great many Ages, by which the Crown of *France* cannot fall from the Sword to the Distaff, but till the blessed Days of our *August Monarch*, we never had the Happiness to be acquainted with a Law or Custom, by which that was in the Power of a Queen of *France*, to provide us an Heir to the Crown, without the Concurrence of her Husband, and to impose upon us for our King, a Brat of another Man's making. All the Reign of our *Invincible Monarch*, has been a constant Series of Wonders; but among them all, this is none of the least, That he who was, in the Opinion of all the World, the Son of a private Gentleman, from his Birth till the end of the *Prince of Conde's Wars*, has had the good Fortune to be ever since no less than the Son of *Lewis the Thirteenth*. After this, let no Body call in question the commonly supposed Fable of the Transmutation of *Iphis* from a Woman to a Man, since to be translated from a Bastard to a Son lawfully begotten, is equally as difficult.

Among a great many other Quarrels, I have with the *English Nation*, this is one, That they are a People too nice in believing Miracles; and their Hanghtiness is such, as they scorn, forsooth, to believe Impossibilities; for albeit, they and all the rest of the World about them, are firmly per-

swaded

swaded, that the little Bable Prince of Wales was never of Queen Mary's bearing, much less of King James's begetting; yet if these Infidels had been as well mannerly credulous as we in France have been, of the wonderful Transmutation of our *Louis le Grand*, they needed not have made all this Noise about the little *Imposture-Infant*, but might have comforted themselves in the hopes, that he, who was a Spurious Prince of *Wales* to Day, might some Years hence, by a new French way of Transubstantiation, become a lawfully begotten King of *England*. But the Mischief of all, is, these stiff-necked Hereticks, ever since they fell off from the Communion of the Holy Church, make bold to call in question all our Miracles; and such a one at this would be, I am afraid they would stick at, among others.

Good God! how happy had it been for France, yea, for a part of the World, that the French had been as great Infidels, upon the point of Miracles, as the Heretick English! and that our *Louis the fourteenth* had been hurl'd out of France when but Dauphin of *Viennois*, as the little mock prence of *Wales* has been out of *England*, when scarce well handled into the Light! What dismal Tragedies has our French Impostor caus'd in *Christendom*! how many Cities laid in Ashes, Countries ruin'd, Families extinguished, and millions of Lives sacrific'd to the Vanity and Ambition of a Bastard.

The Hugonots of France, of all People in the World, have most reason to be ashamed of their Conduct, with Relation to this ungrate Monster, in the time of his Minority, and of the Prince of Conde's Wars: And these People, who disown a thousand things in the Catholick Religion, meerly upon the account of their being, in their Opinion, irreconcilable to Reason, did strangely contradict, not only common Fame, but even Reason it self, in being brought to think, that it was possible, that *Louis the Fourteenth* should be the true Son of *Louis the Thirteenth*, after near half a Jubilee of Years past in Marriage betwixt him and *Ann of Austria*, his Queen, without the least hope of Issue, with all the concurring Signs of a natural Impotency upon his side. But these Gentlemen have paid dear enough for their Opinions, and have had sufficient time and occasion to read their past Folly, in their present Affliction, and to call to mind, with

Regret, their unaccountable Madneſs in aſſiſting him to re-aſcend the Throne of *France*, whom almoſt the whole Nation, the Princes of the Blood, and the Parliament of Paris, had combin'd together, to tumble down, and had certainly done it, if the *Hugonots* had not turn'd the Scale. Theſe poor *Hugonots* have had ſo many ſad Occaſions ſince to repent their Fault, that I confeſs it's ſcarce generous to upbraid the *Miſerable* with the Follies they cannot now amend, and which has brought upon them ſo many Miſfortunes. And yet I muſt beg leave to tell them, That as their Zeal to *Lewis the Fourteenth's* unjuſt Intereſt, was the original Cauſe, in my Opinion, of Heaven's thus afflicting them by his Hands; ſo it was indeed the true Motive that induc'd this *Ungrate* to ruin them. For thus it was, that he and his *Jeſuitick Cabal* reaſon'd among themſelves; If the *Hugonots*, in the late Prince of *Conde's* Wars, when the Crown was at State, were able to turn the Ballance, and to draw Victory and Succeſs to the ſide they eſpouſed, which at that time was *ours*: By the ſame Parity of Reaſon, If the ſame *Hugonots* ſhall at any time hereafter be induc'd to join againſt us, and to take our Enemies part, they will without all doubt turn the Scale on the other ſide, and prove as dangerous Enemies as formerly they were Friends; and thence, by a Diabolical way of Reaſoning, it was concluded, that it was the true Intereſt of the Crown, that the *Hugonots* ſhould be utterly deſtroyed.

By the way, I muſt, tho' contrary to my Inclination, do a piece of Juſtice to *Lewis the Fourteenth*, in vindicating him from a common Aſperſion caſt upon him by the *Hugonots*, and it's this: Over and above the fouleſt Ingratitude imaginable, (in which Charge I heartily agree with them) he is chargeable with as to them, they will needs load him to the boot, with no leſs than *Perjury and Breach of Faith*, in not obſerving the famous Ediſt of *Nants*, which was granted to them by King *Henry the Fourth*, and declared by him to be in all time coming, an irrevocable and fundamental Conſtitution of the State; which Ediſt, ſay they, *Lewis the Fourteenth* ſwore at his Coronation inviolably to obſerve. I confeſs this is a heavy Charge; but to ſpeak no worſe of the Devil than he deſerves, in my Opinion our *Lewis le Grand* is

not

not chargeable upon that Score, as not being bound to the Observance of that Edict, even tho' having sworn it: If we shall consider, that by the exprefs words of the Edict it self, King *Henry* obliges *himself and his lawful Successors only*, that is, those who shall succeed to the Crown of *France* in a lawful Descent of Royal Blood. Now, I think no Man will say, That by this Clause of the Edict, an extraneous Person, such as *our Interloper Lewis the Fourteenth* is, can be included; and therefore, as having none of the Royal Blood of *France* in his Veins, he cannot be justly charg'd with Perjury or Breach of Faith, in not observing one Edict, which was declarek and meant to oblige only the lawful Successors of King *Henry the Fourth*.

Here I cannot but relate a Discourse I had once with one of the *Fathers of the Capucian Order*; the very day after the Revocation of the Edict of *Nants*; and which may serve to answer one Objection naturally arising from what I have said upon this Head. All *Paris* was filled with the Noise of this Affair, and in every corner, both *Papist* and *Protestant* was reasoning upon it; among the rest, the good *Capucian* and I would needs turn both *States-men* and *Casuists* on the Subject. We lost, betwixt us, all the Arguments we could fall upon, to vindicate, if possible, the King's so apparently unjust Action; and in the end we came to reason how far the King was obliged to the Observance of the Edict of *Nants*, upon the account of his not being indeed the lawful Successor of *Henry the Fourth*, the Granter of it.

But, said I, Father, tho' I should agree, that the King is not oblig'd by that Edict at first, for the Reason we have named, yet his Posterior Swearing to observe, makes him as lyable to the Observance of it, as if he were really the true Successor of *Henry the Fourth*, and of the Royal Blood of *France*. To this the *Capucin* returned me a very satisfactory Answer: Sir, says he, it seems you are but little acquainted with the *Casuistick Doctrine and Principles of the Jesuits*, and have not the Happiness to be acquainted with *Father le Chese*, the King's Confessor, so well as I; and therefore I'll tell you one *Evasion*, a *Wit*, like his, will soon find out to remove all need-
less

less Scruples from the King's Mind, arising from his Swearing the Edict of Nants, and it's this: The words of the Oath, which the King did take at his Coronation, was these; And seeing this Edict was declared by King Henry the Fourth, our Grand-father of glorious Memory, to be irrevocable, and that his lawful Successors, the succeeding Kings of France, should swear the same at their Coronation, therefore we do hereby promise and swear faithfully and inviolably to observe the said Edict all the days of our Life-time. Now, these being the very words of the King's Oath, (continues the Capucin) how proper and easy was it for the Reverend Father le Chese to tell him, Sir, you are not at all obliged by this Oath, because it leans upon, and contains in it's very Bosom a Supposition, upon the removal of which, the whole Oath it self does necessarily fall, viz. Your Majesty's being the Grand-child of Henry the Fourth, which neither you your self, nor no Body else does believe: So that if your Majesty has sworn an Oath, wherein there is an express Supposition that you are the Grand-child of Henry the Fourth, which you are not, the Oath it self, as leaning on that false Supposition, must necessarily fall with it, and becomes in it self void. I hope you are wiser, (concludes the Capucin to me) but to think that Father le Chese might use all his freedom with his ignorant bigotted Pupil, enslaved to his Direction, especially that he is acquainted with all the Vanities of his Life, and in particular with his criminal Privacies with the Dauphiness. Thus far the Capucin's Discourse and mine, and I must say, upon Reflection, I cannot devine an Evasion which Father le Chese could have fallen more upon plausible, to perswade his enslav'd Pupil to revoke the Edict of Nants, than this the Capucin hinted at.

But I know the Reader will tell me, What means all this puther upon a meer Supposition, that *Louis le Grand* is a Bastard, without making it appear, or proving that he is so? I acknowledge, that of all the Tasks one ever ventured

entured upon, that of proving a Man to be a *Bastard* is the hardest; for when a Woman designs to bring another than her Husband to her Bed, she uses not to order such and such Persons to stand by, that they may bear Testimony of her Crime: And tho' some Women may come the length of Inadvertence or Impudence, in being too open in their Amours, yet when they have to do with a *Gallant* that's concern'd in Honour, and oblig'd by his *Character* to be more reserved in his Pleasures, it's not to be imagin'd but she will be taught to play her part, if not *chastly*, yet *cautiously*. All the World knows, that the *Cardinals* of *Richelew* and *Mazarin* were capable of keeping their own Secrets; and yet it's to be regretted, that their *Amours* with our *invincible Monarch's* Mother were hard enough to be concealed, so many are the Spies about the Courts of Princes.

That *Ann of Austria* found a way to provide an Heir to *Louis the Thirteenth*, without putting him to the Pains of getting it himself, will appear clearly enough, if we take a view of all the Circumstances that meet in this Affair, which all taken together, leaves us no room to doubt of that *Queens* Concern for perpetuating her *Husband's* Memory at any Cost.

Common Fame was ever lookt upon as a great Presumption of the Truth of a thing, especially if joined to other concurring Circumstances: and never did that *praying Goddess* extend her Voice louder, than in proclaiming to the World the Spurious Birth of our *August Monarch*. Time was when she did not whisper it in Corners, but express'd it in publick *Pictures*, *Plays*, *Farces*, and what not? Modesty will not allow me to mention the bawdy Shapes of those two sorts of Bread, call'd to this day, the *Queens Bread*, and the *Cardinals Bread*, sold thro' *Paris*, and in the most Places of *France*; so that at that time one could scarce sit down to eat, but he was put in mind

mind of the *Queens and the Cardinals Amours*. It were in vain to enuumerate the thousand part of the *Satyrs and Pasquils* on this subject, for great a many Years; each Pen out-vying one another, in the Glory of propagating to Posterity the Love-Passions of these *two mighty Cardinal Ministers of State*; let this one upon *Cardinal Richelew*, affixt on his *Palace*, serve for all :

What means th' ungrate French to hate

The only true Support of State?

What greater Favour could there be

Shown to the King, Queen, State, all three,

Than to provide, by his unwearied Care,

(*Heir?*)

The King a Son, the Queen a Husband, and the State an Impotency is one of those Imperfections a Man is most unwilling to take with, being that which un-mans him, and renders him the Scorn of *his own*, and the Abhorrence of the *other Sex*: It can only be proved by *Presumptions*; and these are for the most part reducible, either to *his indifference for the fair Sex in general*, or for *his own Wife in particular*; the *Weakness of his Constitution*, or *his co-habiting with a Woman of a sound Body, and proportion'd Age for a considerable time, without having any Issue by her*. All these *Presumptions*, and some more than perhaps *Decency* will allow me to name, will be found in *Louis the Thirteenth*, the supposed Father of our *August Monarch*.

I think there can be no greater Proof of a Man's *Indifference for the fair Sex in general*, or *his Wife in particular*: than when a Man, in the Heat of his Youth, has a Right by Marriage, to the Bed of a beautiful and young Princess, has her constantly in his View, and in his Power, and yet at the same time can, for some Years together, abstain from those Embraces which Marriage has not only made *lawful*, but a *Duty*: And this unwonted Coldness in Youth is the more to be jealous'd, that,

previous

previous to the Marriage, the Mad did express an eager *Impatience* to enjoy his young *Bride*; for the subsequent Coldness and Abstinence does clearly insinuate a Consciousness of his being mistaken of himself, and that upon Tryal he has found his Power not answerable to his Will.

Of all this, we have a pretty clear Instance of *Louis the Thirteenth*: Upon his being Married by Proxy to *Anna of Austria*, *Infanta of Spain*, afterwards *Mother to our invincible Monarch*, he express'd the greatest Eagerness to enjoy her, and having gone the length of *Burdeaux* to meet her, his Desires vented themselves in the following Letter, sent her some few days before her Arrival.

Madam,
 Since I cannot, according to my longing Desire, find my self near you at your Entry into my Kingdom, to put you in Possession of the Power I have, and of that entire Affection I have in my Breast to love and serve you; I send you *Luyenes*, one of the most trustest of my Servants, to Salute you in my Name, and to tell you, that you are expected by me with the great Impatience, to offer unto you my MY SELF: I pray therefore receive him favourably, and believe what he shall tell you, Madam, from your most dear Friend and Servant,
 LOWIS.

The Strain of this Letter seems to be warm enough, and the word Offer of himself, is pretty expressive, as coming from a young Bridegroom to a young and beautiful Bride. Now, who would have dream'd but this Skirmishing by Letters should have produced a fix'd Battel at meeting? But, alas! our Youngster have Bedded his Queen but for the space of two hours, rises up from his Nuptial-bed, too late conscious to himself of his Unfitness for the Sports of *Venus*: And albeit he was in his Queen's Company every day for four Years thereafter, his false Desires never led him once again, during all that time, to try a second Rencontre: Yea, it was expected by every Body he should never have ventured to Bed the Queen again, if his Favourite, *Luyenes* had not trickt him into it the very Night of his Sisters Marriage with the Prince of *Piedmont*; for *Luyenes* finding the King in a good jolly Humor, and talking more wantonly than ordinary, he grasps him out of his Bed in his Arms, and throwing a Night-Gown about him, brings him unexpectedly into the Queens Bed.

Bed. It was indeed pretended, that the Reason of this four Years Abstinence was for fear the Marriage-bed might hinder the King's Growth, and enervate his Strength; And yet it's hard to believe, that such a politick Consideration could prevail with a Man that had any boiling Blood in his Veins; but every Body will be apt, at the first dash, to draw this Consequence from it, that there was more in it of a Winter-Chilness than usually suits with Youth.

From the beginning of the Year 1619. to 1638. King Louis the Thirteenth continued to co-habit with his Queen, and often in his Melancholy Fits, to which he was naturally subject, he would complain to his Confidants, That he knew certainly the Queen would have no Children to him. Upon which fell out a remarkable Passage, that serves mightily to unriddle some Difficulties in this Affair; one day at Fontainebleau, the time of his Brother Monsieur's Wars against him, being in a sullen Fit, he began to regrave to some few about him, his Misfortune of not having Children of his own Body, which he said was the cause of Monsieur's Insolence against him, and of his Power with the People, as being Presumptive Heir of the Crown. Hereupon some of them began to tell him, That for Reasons of State, it was very fit to procure a Divorce from the Queen, and that perhaps another Wife might bring him Children to Heir the Crown of France, and put Monsieur beside the Culchion. But Luyenes, who knew the King's Infirmary best, taking him aside, told him with his usual freedom, 'Sir, unless you resolve to ruine your self for good and all, let there never be the least mention made in time coming of a Divorce from the Queen, for if any such thing shall come to her Ears, she will be sure to lay the blame of her Barrenness upon your Majesty, and this every Body will believe, and which will render Monsieurs Pretensions insupportable. And indeed it was from this Consideration, that the motion of a Divorce was ever afterwards laid aside, least the Queen should be provoked to tell out the Truth, and thereby Monsieur's Interest elevated a Pin higher than suited with the King's safety.

There is another great presumption of ones Impotency, when a Man evinces himself to be indifferent, not only for

his

his own Wife, but for *the whole fair Sex* in general; *Louis the Thirteenth* gave ample proofs of *this sort of Ver-*
rue, if it be one, have been never seen to cast one single
 warm glance at any of the Beauties of the Court, and
 never heard to utter one Expression that could be inter-
 preted Amorous.

Of this indifference of his for the fair Sex, there is
 one pretty instance, in an Expression he had to *Monsieur*
 his Brother, upon the occasion of his Marrying *the Duke*
of Lorrain's Daughter, against the King's Will, *Monsieur*
 having told him, by way of excuse, that he 'chus'd ra-
 ther to Marry at any rate, than to Live in Whoredom,
 and one of the two he said his Constitution obliged him
 to. *Brother*, replies the King, *You and I seems are of dif-*
ferent tempers, for I could Live all my Life without either
of them. Here was a modest, tho' untimous confession
 of his *Indifference*, if not *Impotency*, and indeed *Monsieur*
 was not wanting to improve it in his *Circular Letters*,
 he wrote to his *Partisans*, a few Months after, upon his
 retiring to *Brussels*.

There is another Story much of the same nature, that
 passed between the King and his Favourite *Luyenes*, about
 the Divorce from the Queen, when it was first talkt of:
Luyenes told him, That the only way to stop the Queens
 Mouth in the matter of the Divorce, was for the King
 to give an evidence, that her Barrenness was not from
 his fault, by trying to get Children by some other
 Woman; and therefore he mention'd one of the Hand-
 somest Ladies about Court, as a fit Mistress for him.
 The King answered coldly, *Mais je vous assure Luyenes,*
je ne songe pas a telles choses: But I assure you, says he, *Luy-*
from I do not think upon these things. And so the Discourte
 was dropt.

I shall only name one other instance more of the King's
 indifference for the fair Sex, because it was so publick,

and had so much of Raillery in it: The King one day playing at Cards with *Mademoiselle Ramboulet*, it happen'd that the King alledged upon her, she had drop'd a Card on design, saying, he would have it, be it where it will; the Lady finding she was discover'd, slip't the Card into her Breast, saying, *Sir, I am assured you will not take it out here*: Which was true, for the King gave over any further search, when he see the Card was in her Bosom.

A great many attributed this indifference of the King for his own Lady, and all other Women, to the weakness of his Constitution, and indeed he was of the tenderest and sickliest imaginable, being from his Birth weak in his Limbs, and *Asthmatick* to his Dying day. The Duke of *Espernon* rallying one day with the King's Physician, told him, he was afraid the King might over-heat himself in the Embraces of a Young and Beautiful Queen: The Physician nodding his Head, answer'd him, *It must be a great Heat that will thaw his Majesty's Ice*.

But tho' *Louis the Thirteenth* had been a just Admirer of his own Queen, and of the fair Sex in general, and had neither been branded with Impotency, nor known to be of a weakly Constitution, what a wonderful thing was it, that what a Man could not do in the heat of his Youth, he should in the beginning of the Autumn of his Age, and that there should be *Twenty Three Years* betwixt their Marriage and the Birth of their first Child? I remember the Poets tell us, that *Jupiter*, when he was to beget *Hercules*, was necessitated to make a Night three times longer than the ordinary, so difficult was it even for the Father of the Gods to beget an Hero; but our Invincible Hero, *Louis le Grand*, required a longer time to be gotten than *Hercules*, and *Twenty Three Years* was little enough time to produce our *August Monarch*. What a shame was it for *Cardinal Richelieu* to throw away so much pains to no purpose? And

one day how easie had it been to have made the King a Father, and
 the Queen a Mother, in the twentieth part of that time, if he
 had but understood the New *English* Way of getting and
 bearing Children? But it seems the Art of imposing *Infant*
Princes was not then brought to that perfection it has been
 of late, and *Anna of Austria* was not so good a Proficient in
 the Trade as *Mary of Modena*. What needed the former
 have made her self the talk of all *France*, for her Intrigues with
 the Two Cardinals? It had been the easiest thing in the
 World to make her a Mother, without the trouble of one
 single throw: a close *Balister* about the Bed, and a convenient
 Passage at the Head of it, with a wary *Midwife*, and one or
 two more trusty *Confidents*, might have done just as well.
 But the Curse of all was, our *Louis the Thirteenth* was nei-
 ther to be impos'd upon in such an Affair, nor could be brought
 into the Design himself, his Malice to his Brother, the next
 heir, tho' at War with him, came not up to that length, as
 to cheat him of the Throne: And tho' *Louis the Thirteenth*
 had been capable of so great a *Weakness*, or rather *Madness*,
 his Brother *Monfieur* was too much concern'd to let the
 Queen impose upon him, one to exclude him from the Crown:
 During the Queen's bigness, *Monfieur* had his constant Spies
 about her, to watch her Motions, and to tell him every thing
 that pass'd: Upon the News of the Queens being in Labour,
Monfieur was not out of the way, but hastens away to her
 Bed-Chamber, and his Sedulity and Watchfulness was scarce
 allowable in Modesty, the least Circumstance about the Mo-
 ther and Child did not escape his prying Curiosity, and the Field
 of *Natur* it self was laid open to his view; such is the Mis-
 fortune of Princesses, when bearing Children, in prejudice of
 other Mens Rights. *Monfieur* retiring himself to his Cham-
 ber, in a Melancholy Mood, (as he had good reason) was
 asked of by *Espermon*, what he had seen: *Alas!* says he, *I*
am sure I saw it come out, but who the Devil put it in, I know not.
Queen Mary of Modena took a shorter cut, and a more modest Method of Lying in;
 she would neither allow the Princesses concerned to learch into her *Bigness*, nor permit
 any in their Name to be present at her Labour; the poor Princess of *Denmark* was
 hurried away to the Bath, upon the pretence of her Health, and the *Queen Dowager*
 was not brought in till the Game was over; and who can blame a Modest Italian to be
 more reserved in the Secrets of Nature than a blunt Spaniard? How happy was it for
 the first, that instead of two Princesses at a distance, she did not meet with a Busting
 Duke of *Oriance*, to peep more narrowly into the Scheme of her Contrivances, and
 render her and her Plot ridiculous.

But

But to return to the Happy Birth of our *Lois le Grand*, it seems all the Endeavours of *Cardinal Richelew*, to provide an Heir for *France*, were unsuccessful, whether his Brain and his other parts were not of a piece, or his pressing Cares of State, join'd to some natural Impediment, were the cause of it, I cannot tell; but it was reserv'd for a Person of a meaner Condition, tho' of a more robust Constitution, to effectuate what this Consummate Church Man had attempted in vain. *Monsieur le Grand*, a Gentleman of a comely Person, and sprightly Spirit, and a courtly Genius, was lookt upon as the fittest Person to make up the defects of an Impotent King and a Wearied Favorite-Cardinal. This Carpet Knight was admitted into the Embraces of the Queen, and by her teeming Belly, she found, within a few Months, that she had hit upon a fit Stallion, to propagate the Royal Family of *France*.

It's generally thought this Gentleman was not so much the Queen's own Choice, as that of *Richelew*, and that this refin'd Minister persuaded the Queen to entertain *Monsieur le Grand* for her Gallant, out of a meer Principle of State, as being more likely to make the Queen a Mother, than he himself was; and this is the rather believed, that it is generally known, that immediately after the Queen was found to be with Child, *M. le Grand* was dismiss'd the Court, upon the Honourable pretence of being made Lieutenant Criminal of Provence, the wily Cardinal fearing his Intimacy with the Queen might prejudice him in her Favour; and indeed after this Jobb was done, the Cardinal had no more use for him, as the sequel made it too evident.

Pliny tells us a Story of the Wolf, That he never sees his Signer because, says he, he is Murdered by the rest of the Wolves out of envy, that he was prefer'd by the she Wolf before them. The same Fate had the Father of this Rapacious Creature, *Louis the Fourteenth*, for being neos'd into the Conspiracy of *Monsieur de Monmorancy*, he was Beheaded at *Tbolouse*, by the Cardinal's exprefs Command, who was unwilling the Queen should have an abler Gallant than himself for the future. — I cannot but regrave the Fate of this poor Gentleman, in being the first brought to the Bed of a Queen, and then after in having his Head chopt off, meerly that he might not tell Tales, or give any Jealousy to his Rival in the Queens Favour; yet I judge him Happy in this, that he did not live to see the Monster he had begotten. There happen'd a memorable passage at his Death, which was this. Being all along, after his Condemnation, laid asleep, with assurance of a Pardon, even upon his Scaffold, to the end he might not discover any of his Criminal-Secrets with the Queen; at last, being desir'd to lay down his Head, for the blow he came to underfit too late, that he was cheated out of his Life, and just when he was

beginning this

beginning to express himself in these Words: *O! la Vanite d'estre
 med' une fame crule, &c. O! the Vanity of being Lov'd by a Woman
 cruel, and devoted to the Villanous Counsels of a Church Man.* Here the
 fatal Ax did put an end to the Sentence, and to his Life together.
 This end had *Monfieur le Grand*, the Father of our *August Monarch*;
 and it's but just his Son should bear the Name of *le Grand*, not as an
 epithet, but as the *Sirname of his Father le Grand*, by way of *Epi-
 gram*, being never his due, and thus was *Cardinal Richelieu* revenged up-
 on him, for being a fitter & abler Gallant to the Queen than himself,
 so at first he was not only the *Privado*, but the first *Incourager* of their
 amours. When I am on this Subject, I cannot but mention a *Droil* sort of
 Letter, Written about that time by *Monfieur le Duc de Lorrain*,
 his Brother in Law, from *Brussels*, which was afterward found among
 the *Duke of Lorrain's* Papers taken at *St. Michel*, which was this pur-
 ple. "Your Highness accuses me unjustly, for not obtaining from
Monfieur le Grand, when he was with me, a Declaration of his Pri-
 vacies with the Queen, which you say would have mightily fur-
 thered my Affairs: But, Sir, tho' *M. le Grand*, at some certain times,
 out of a transport of fury against the Queen, for her Unkindness, as
 I have heard, once term'd it, would confels to me the whole Secrets pass betwixt the
 Queen and him, yet the very next moment he would pass from all
 that he had said, and affirm, that What he spoke formerly, was but in
 jest. One Night, when we were speaking of retiring from Court, I
 thought him to promise, that he should wait on me the next Morning,
 to give me an ample Declaration of what I sought of him, but he
 changed his Mind that very Night, and told me the next day, that
 he would do it some other time, when our Affairs were better ripe-
 ned. Being astonish'd at this sudden change, I found by inquiry,
 that the Cardinal had sent for him that very Night, and that he was
 in his Privy-Chamber above an Hour together, and what pass'd be-
 twixt them two, I cannot divine, but by the event. Notwithstanding
 all this, concludes *Monfieur's* Letter, I cannot think but this
 Unfortunate has left some such Declaration in the hands of some of
 his Friends, which if it could be fallen upon, would mightily con-
 duce to the good of our Affairs, &c.
 In this Letter, we see *Monfieur* asserts plainly, that *Monfieur le
 Grand* confelsed to him his *Privacies* with the Queen, and had pro-
 mised in his angry Fits to declare them under his hand, tho' I must
 say, it was not generous on his part, let the Queens Ingratitude to
 him be what it will; and it's more than probable, that the taking
 of this Affair hastned his Ruine. It seems *Mademoiselle*, who is
 yet alive, Daughter to *Monfieur*, was perswaded of the Truth of this
 Intrigue, and that her Father had told her how little right *Louis the
 Fourteenth* had to the Crown, since a great many years after, at the
Barricado of Paris, this Princess went in Person to the *Basile*, and
 with her own Hand Fir'd the first Gun against the King's Forces, with
 this Expression, *I know of no Right he has here.*

If

If likeness be a Sign of a near Relation, never was there two Faces liker to one another, than these of our *Invincible Monarch*, and *M. le Grand*; and I must acknowledge the Wisdom of the Queen, in causing *M. le Visme*, her Painter, to call in all the Pictures of *M. le Grand* that he could possibly get into his Hands, when she found her Son betray'd his Father by his Physiognomy; for those who have seen both the Originals, will say, there was need of all this caution.

Thus the Cardinal Richleu had the Honour of being a Gallant to the Queen, and upon trial of his own want of a *prolifick quality*, had the goodness to provide another better qualified than himself: Notwithstanding of this Obligation the Nation has to him, I cannot forgive his Insolence in ordering these Words to be Engraven in Capital Letters upon the Pedestal of Lewis the Thirteenth's Statue, in the Palace Royal, *Cardinals Richleus Coadjutor suus in omnibus suis Neotiss*. The Cardinal Richleu his Helper in all his Affairs: As if it had not been enough to have Cuckold'd his Master, without erecting him a Statue, merely to tell the World that he did so.

As *Similitudine in Facie* is often a Sign of a Relation in Blood, so the Likeness of Condition is as often an Incentive to Love, and the Motive to Friendship: Let no Body therefore blame Lewis the Great, for Patronizing the Little Prince of Wales; it's but reasonable the Great Bastard should protect the Little One, and endeavour to set upon the English Throne just such a Creature as is already upon the French one.

It's just with our Great Bastard, as with the Fox in the Fable, who had the Misfortune to lose his Tail; he would needs persuade his Neighbours to cut off theirs, that thereby he might his own Infirmity. It's certain Lewis the Fourteenth would be content, that all the Scepters of Chastendom were only sway'd by Bastards, that his own Spuriousness might be the less taken notice of. And if it be true, that some Lawyers affirm of the old Law of Normandy, that by it Bastards did exclude the lawfully begotten, no Body has Reason to exclaim against Lewis le Grand his Succession to the Crown of France, since he is a Norman by Birth, as Born at St. Germain en Laye, the hithermost Town of that Province.

Methinks I hear the little Prince of Wales, or rather his true Parents, exclaiming against me heavily, for calling him so often a Bastard, and thus pleading against the Injustice of my Pen: *What Devil must inspire a Man to call one a Bastard that is really begotten in lawful Wedlock!* and though he had the good Fortune to be brought into Queen Marys Bed by a skilful Midwife, to be there own'd for own Son, yet all this makes him not a Bastard: And pray who would have refused to lend their Son to be the Heir of three Crowns? I confess there is Reason in all this; and I am very inclinable to excuse both the Little Imposter and his Parents, since few would have refused such an Offer; and I oblige my self, That if ever I happen to be in England when the Gentleman comes to be King, I shall beg his Pardon, for giving him a Name he deserves not.

F I N I S.



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